THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1285.

Original Song.

THE SPIRIT'S CALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Come from the valley,
The moon-beams are here,
Spirit of purity,
All the bliss of their sphere;
Come from your grottos,
In the lily's pale bells,
Come while the magic wind
Breathes soft through the dells;
Come from your beds,
Ye fairies all of the rose;
Come while each starry faint
Radiantly flows.

Spells must be reined
For the loved and the young;
Hopes must be wished
Where our chaplets are hung;
Where our chaplets are hung
We will conjure
To keep each seed,
Destined to mature,
Undying content.

Wrestling for the bower-
Of young hearts so pure,
Brilliant with all
That is sweet in the stores they confine;
Come, oh, come
Ye fairies of the rose!
Saved where the wine-cup
At banquets is bend;
Leave for the poet
Bright transient string,
Radiant with song,
From its holiest spring,
Come! ere the moon-beams
Have faded away—
Our task must be wrought;
For we fade with its ray
Bright though each love-wreath
Its gleaming to night,
Change, ere the morrow
Must sadden its light!
Darkness must come!
The warrior and bard,
Calmed the sweet song,
And command his reward:
Come, then! oh! come
For a dark task is ours;
Come from your slumbers,
Mid perfume and flowers!
Come from the mountain,
Where sun-crowned cells,
Echo but tease
From the wild flower's bells!
Come from your homes,
By the streamlet's bright wave,
Where the light spirit-troops,
In bright pinions in lave!
Come! for the sighs
Of the nightingale's lay;
Come from your beds,
'Neath each zephyr-kissed spray;
Come! for the spells
We would twine a wreath now to woo,
Ere we fly to our homes
From the plaice of the sea.

Original Tales.

THE SCULPTOR'S DAUGHTER.
A Tale of Philadelphia.
CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"No longer the wept, her tears were a spent,
Though I feel her cannot, her heart is contented grief,
And she drooped like a lily broke down by the wind."
Ballad of Auld Robin Gray.

CHAPTER IV.

Vespers had been concluded in the chapel of St. Joseph, the rich tones of the organ had died away, and the people were issuing forth with slow and reverent pace, their minds occupied with the solemn thoughts that the duties of religion naturally call up.

Among the various persons that issued thence, and took their way to their different homes, was a young female with a countenance more than a passing notice from the beholder. Though dressed in an humble garb, compared with many of those with whom she had met, yet just in christian way which, yet hers was a form well calculated to elicit admiration, and her's a face—peering out as it did so innocently from her little close bonnet—that could not fail to rivet the attention of even a careless observer.

It was near the close of one of those days in early summer, when twilights are growing lengthy, and the sun is a long time sinking, between the cool and refreshing breezes, succeeding the heat of day, renders the evening inviting for a stroll, and soon the mind in the contemplation of surrounding objects, soothing it into that condition when every little incident that thrown something to interest, and awaken, perhaps, feelings of tenderness and emotion.

It may have been this, or it may have been the impression which the sentiments just participated in had left upon her mind, that made her walk so slowly along towards her home. He that as it may, she proceeded leisurely on her way, never stopping to observe something that attracted her attention, and then again moving forward apparently in an abstracted mood, all unconscious of the many looking looks that were bent upon her as she passed.

At length, upon turning the corner of a street, she came suddenly upon a little band of those street musicians, who, exiles from the land of their birth, obtain a precarious existence in a strange place, by the exercise of those musical abilities in which they are proficient. The present party consisted of three, who appeared to be brothers—Neapolitans apparently—and who each performed upon different instruments, the violin, guitar, and violoncello, which they accompanied with their voices. She stopped to listen; it was a song of love they were singing, sung to an old and well remembered air. They sung in their native tongue too, and of all the little crowd that was collected around, none, perhaps, understood it less. Yet, the way, some a-gog and she felt its beauty, for he, per blessed with an undue eagerness, and her cheek grew alternately pale and then crimson. What is the tenor of the song, or the recollections it awakened in her mind of her native land?

They sung there was a knocking of hailers hands together, a treading on shoeless toes, a general scratching and scrambling, and following the playing of a loud song and tumble among the ragged urchins that had collected closely around in their eagerness to behold what was going on, the money that had taken its descent from neighboring windows, and which had provokingly earned the contented music of the band, the old man into which, the said honest, though ragged little urchins, were fighting for the honor of returning them.

Not wanting to witness the dexterous scan that was here and there performing, Juliet was about reasoning her homewards, when her eyes met those of a gentleman whom she had not observed until this moment, and who was looking on with all the while. Her eyes dropped, and her face was suffused with blushes, and the gentleman seeing she was about to move homeward stepped to her side, and having gracefully addressed her—

"The daughter of Signor de Alvarera, I believe?" said he.

To one more versed in the forms and customs of society this might have been considered a trifle without the rules of etiquette, to be spoken to by one who had not even had an introduction, and merely on the strength of acquaintance with a parent. (for it was no other than Mr. Graham.) but to Juliet, unconscious as she was of any impropriety, and having also in mind the expression of that parent, that "his was a noble soul," there occurred no such thoughts, and she, with a heightening cheek, and brightening eye, nodded assent.

"You will excuse the liberty I have taken, madam," he continued, "but serving you alone, and unprotected from the impudence of any one who may choose to insult, I beg you will allow me to attend you to your home."

It was beginning to get dusky, and the manner in which he spoke so politely, and with such a seeming frank and open kindness, made that tell tale blush grow deeper, and that little bosom flutter, as with a bewitching smile she acknowledged her thanks.

"Believe me it is not meet for ladies to walk thus unattended at this hour, more especially one so fair as Juliet de Alvarera." This he had with an air of engaging gallantry, and then added in a more commanding tone, "but I suppose the Signor is always busily engaged?"

She answered by an inclination of the head.

He made some observation upon the beauty of the weather, and then reverted to the song they had just heard.

"There is a mysterious something," said he, with a half musing tone, "in the melodious tones of music that steals away the soul from grosser objects, and carrying it up to that which is more than earth, and its cares and woes, transports it to an imaginary region of bliss and harmony, from whence it seems to catch a glimpse of that bright calm beyond the azure skies. It elevates, improves, and soothes the spirit into sweet forgetfulness of all it must endure. Yet still it is not only the sweet strains that greet it's ear that receives this mystic spell, but owes it much unto the subject of the song."

"He then," thought Juliet, "must have understood it too."

And that song! Love was its import.

Continuing thus to descant upon certain subjects calculated to interest her in him, commencing thus with music, then gliding off to an ecstatic admiration of Italy and the Italians, thence to the genius of her father as displayed in his works, the time was occupied until they reached the neighborhood of the sculptor's dwelling.

"And now," said he, with a seemingly embarrassed look, whilst a smile was on his face, "I must wish you a good evening. May I hope that the intrusion of my company—will meet at least—has not offended?"

A bewitching look, and a mute acknowledgment of thanks seemed but to the contrary, and bowing low he departed.

CHAPTER V.

To describe the progress of Graham towards the accomplishment of his object—to tell how at first he met Juliet, and how by a word, and a bend of her bonne, how he increased his attentions, until at length in the absence of her parent, was accompanying her, however, as he had done the time before within sight of the house, how his apparent noble and generous conduct had gradually won on her heart, and how that affection increased even to the overshadowing of that she bore her father, how he told her of his love, and how the palace was to be the passion; how, in her mute way, she confessed it was returned, and how he asked her to prove it to; how she refused at first, how he wormed himself into the confidence of the simple and unsuspecting daughter of the sculptor, would require more space than we have of our command. We will therefore pass them over.

What was the proof, he asked of her? To marry him privately.

"And why this?" asked Juliet's looks as plain as words could express it, and her cheek grew pale.

"I would not propose this, Juliet," said he, in explanation. "But the world would say things of it, you, perhaps, would scarcely understand, and which would be unpleasant both to me and to your father. It would say you were a poor man's daughter, and worse, upon which I could not bear to see. Therefore it were best as I do wish it now; and in the meantime, I will make your father better off in worldly goods—as that when it is announced in course of time, there's none will dare to sneer. It is not better to be thus?"

It was thoughtful in her looks, as they stopped again at the spot where they usually parted ere she sought her home.

"Come," said he, pressing her hand with fervor, "now me to night, at the hour of eight, near where I first met you at the musician's song. You know the place?"

She paused as if in doubt—and then laying her hand upon his arm in her energetic manner, by looks and gestures, gave him to understand her compliance.

He pressed her hand to his lips, and then bade her adieu.

She hastened home, and after preparing their humble supper, and partaking thereof with her father—after he, as was his custom, had retired to his studio where he spent the intervening hours till bed-time—she took her bonnet and shawl, and, issuing forth by a back way, was soon threading the streets in the direction of the appointment, with throbbing pulse and trembling limbs.

She reached the place. Graham was already there, and giving her—and taking her arm, they proceeded in the direction of his residence. They passed through various streets and lanes, now turning this way and then another. Both were occupied with their thought to such an extent, that neither spoke for a time. At length Graham uttered a few words of consolation. Then they proceeded pretty rapidly, and in a short time reached the mansion house.

The gateway, which was at the south side, was a carriage with spirited horses, champing their bits, and pawing the earth as if eager to be off, while a negro driver sat upon his box ready.

They passed in, and were ushered into the parlor by a servant, who immediately retired.

"Be seated, dearest Juliet," said Graham. "In the next room all is ready for the ceremony. Compose yourself, my love, while I am absent for a few moments. Sit down, for you tremble."

He left the room—and who can tell the feelings of her who was about to become a bride—that is one acknowledged bride! Feelings they were, embodying neither a keen sense of wrong, nor a degree of guilt, but the agitation of the step she was about to take. But we will not attempt to define them; imagination can better fulfill the task.

In a few moments Graham returned, accompanied by one with whom the reader has already been made acquainted, and whom he introduced to her as "Mr. De Courcy, a particular friend." Offering her each an arm, they led her to the library, where was the priest to perform the ceremony stood, look in hand—whilst another young man, who with Mr. Courcy, came in witness it, stood near by.

It was soon performed, Juliet responding with an inclination of the head—and leaning upon Graham's arm, he, bowing, left the library, followed by Mr. Courcy.

"Come up, my love," he whispered, pressing her to his heart, and imprinting a kiss upon her lips.

Then adjusting her bonnet and shawl, neither of which had been removed—he said, "My carriage is in waiting at the gate to carry you home. Mr. De Courcy will accompany you. Another kiss, and then good night."

Another warm embrace, and then with De Courcy on one side and himself on the other, he led her to the carriage. She ascended and took her seat. Graham whispered something in his friend's ear, which was lost upon the engrossed ear of that parent, that "his was a noble soul," there occurred no such thoughts, and she, with a heightening cheek and brightening eye, nodded assent.

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For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The favor of T. H., of Lewisburg, Pa., is received, and will be inserted.

"THE LOST ONE," we fear, is too long for our columns, and not sufficiently sustained. It has many fine stanzas, however.

We have received "CHANGES OF THE HEART," and will endeavor to peruse the MS before another week, when the author shall hear definitely from us. We shall look out for the Indian legend.

L. M. S. is accepted.

Our fair friend, who signs herself "A READER," will see that we have "stopped the detestable Curtain Lectures," and, in this week's number we think we have given an original, "soul-stirring love tale," such as even she will think interesting. We are obliged to her for her praise;—we think it deserved—ahem! As we have killed poor Mr. Caudle, we shall look to her to keep her promise. "The Invocation" shall duly appear.

J. C.'s favor is accepted.

The enigma of J. A. shall be published.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Spring is here at last! We are sitting by the open casement, and the soft south wind comes wooingly into the room, laden with the almost perceptible perfume of the orange blossoms, which it kissed far off in Florida but yesterday! Throughout the whole week the skies have shewn scarcely a cloud. New life is in everything. The blood leaps quicker in the veins, and the exhilliration of spirits is almost uncontrollable. How bland the air! What a delicious azure slumbers in the sky! Children will soon go out to look for violets, and before long, apricots will blossom, and the shad tree blush scarlet in the woods. Do you love the country, reader? For ourselves, the brick town can scarce contain us when spring, with the wild leap of a gazelle, thus lights into our midst, almost before the snows have melted from the hill-sides, or the clarion blast of winter has died away! We never think so freely in the close street as in the open country. brick houses are like steel pens—they cramp ideas terribly!

Stay! let us blow a trumpet in your ear. Did you ever see such a paper as we publish this week? Such wit, such poetry, such comprehensiveness, such a total outshining of all cotemporary newspaper luminaries!—why, there never was, there never will be, there never can be such another paper. But seriously, the number is very good, and though we do not mean to say,—like some of our neighbors say of theirs—that it is a "perfect miracle" of a paper, yet we think it can rank with the best, and like the Indian fighter, though it may halloo less than others, it is "wonderful" at a skrimmage.

Some of our city "aristocrats" talk of establish-

FAIR PLAY.

The opinion gains ground that France and England view, with jealousy, our accessions of territory on this continent; and that, though the annexation of Texas cannot now be objected to, California will never, by their consent, become ours. We are no advocates for an extension of our territory, unless in a legitimate manner, and for beneficial purposes. But we do not think that the verdict of Americans, or of the world, will sustain either England or France, in an uncalled for interference in our affairs. The rumor that it is in contemplation to erect Mexico into a Kingdom, and place a Monarch upon the throne, strengthens daily; and the reason given for this proceeding is, that the new empire may become, under the protection of France and England, a barrier against the extension of our territory and the spread of Republican principles. The latest rumor is that Santa Ana is to be this King.

Now, while we do not advocate any aggression on the *rights* of Mexico, we cannot help pointing out the inconsistency of England, especially in this proceeding. No nation is so grasping, or so little regardless of the rights of others as Great Britain. So long as her own interests are unaffected, she talks most lovingly of all mankind, and weeps bountifully for their miseries; but let a crisis arise in her own affairs, let the acquisition of territory become advisable for her comfort, or her interest; then there are no longer any scruples, she is ready to act, she is up, she pounces on it like a tiger. The annexation of the Punjaub Territory in India, of which our foreign news embodied an account last week, is an instance in point. The aggression in China, mentioned in another column, is a second instance. Had England been contiguous to Mexico, we fear she would long since have seized on that territory. How different is our conduct! It was but a few weeks since, that Gen. Arista proposed to revolutionize northern Mexico and annex it to the United States, provided arms and money could be furnished him from Washington; but the proposition was indignantly rejected by our Secretary of State as a violation of good faith towards a people with whom we were at peace.

This Republic, by dint of assertion on the part of the English and French journals, has come to be regarded even by some of our own citizens, as grasping for the territory of the world. But examine the case! Within the last ten years England waged an unjust war on Affghanistan, and has now begun another unjust war merely to enlarge her already overgrown Indian possessions;—and the only excuse she gives for these aggressions is, that if she does not conquer the territory, Russia will. In other words, she steals to prevent her neighbor stealing. Such morality, we fancy, would be no excuse for theft in a court of law. How stands the case with France? Her conquest of Algiers, and the war she now wages in Africa, answer for her. This scheme of Mexican interference is equally an outrage; and, if carried out, will be the greatest wrong ever perpetuated on this continent. The Mexican people—cowardly, illiterate and perfidious as they appear—are still a free people, and not to be bought and sold by their leaders, like cattle in shambles.

We should, therefore, give fair play to this country. As a Nation we may have done some hasty and unjustifiable acts, but we have certainly committed fewer wrongs than either England or France. It does not become *them* to prate of morality to us!

PLAGIARISMS, &C.

Our good friends of the Saturday Courier were imposed upon last week, in the publication as original of a story called "The Fatalist." The article first appeared in Burton's Magazine for October 1840, under the title of "The Presentiment." It was subsequently sent to this office, where the prior publication was detected and the story refused

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in a room where she sat: the ball lodged in the wall opposite, but fortunately did no one any harm.

RESTORED TO LIFE.

A late English journal narrates a circumstance which fully proves that galvanism may be made a powerful auxiliary in restoring to life persons who have been drowned, or in whom animation has been suspended for a while. It seems that at Terrybridge, in Yorkshire, a person, potter by trade, came home intoxicated, and abused and ill-treated his wife. Being a nervous person, she could not endure this treatment, and resolved to leave him, and ran out in a state of nudity. Not having returned at the expiration of a long time, the neighbors went in search of her. After examining all probable houses and places where she was thought to be, without success, it was deemed proper to drag the canal, some thinking she might have jumped in there; but in the mean time one of the party found her behind a building, to all appearance dead from starvation. She was carried into the house, and Mr. P. Atkinson, surgeon, was sent for, who used and administered every proper means to restore her, but of no avail, life appearing extinct. After nearly three hours' exertions in chafing the body, applying warm flannels, &c., Mr. Atkinson sent for Mr. Charter, late of Kirbymoorside, schoolmaster, requesting him to bring his powerful galvanic Rechoffner's machine, which he had just constructed. This was very soon put in readiness with one of Daniell's sustaining batteries, and taken to the patient's house, who still remained inanimate. The machine was promptly applied, and in eight or ten seconds signs of life were apparent. After passing two shocks through the body, from the right to the left breast, the lungs began to heave, the heart and pulse to beat, and to the astonishment and gratification of a number of witnesses, she exclaimed, "What are you doing? Where am I?" Another slight shock was given, when she was enabled to sit upright; sickness followed, and animation was completely restored. She has since recovered.

COURTESY IN LIFE.

We are continually struck by the advantages which a good address gives to a person setting out in life. If anything deserves a sedulous cultivation it is the heart and the manners, for a really good heart is always polite, and an affable demeanor, even when assumed, derives its charm from counterfeiting kind-

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Local Intelligence.

THE STRIKE OF THE WEAVERS.—The weavers have at last concluded their strike. On Saturday morning, at 8 o'clock, they paraded with fife and drums, but confined their march within the streets of Moyamensing. The Mayor of the City was soon made acquainted with the fact, and the police were ordered to be on the alert, in case the procession crossed South Street. After a short round, the operatives returned to the Moyamensing Hall, and continued a great portion of the morning debating as to the proper course to be pursued. It was at last concluded to bend to the force of circumstances and return to work at the old prices, it being apparent that the manufacturers could not be forced into compliance with the new bill of prices. The starving condition of the hundreds who had joined in the strike, was the main cause of this compliance. Two of the manufacturers, however, were excluded, by lot, from this arrangement.

RESCUE OF A CREW.—The brig Lydia Ann, Captain Small, from Port au Prince, was capsized at sea on the 2d instant, during the severe gale from the North-east. She was subsequently righted by cutting away the masts, but in the falling of the spars, Samuel Dyer, the mate, had his right leg crushed, and was otherwise injured; others of the crew also received injuries. The captain and crew were afterwards rescued by the brig Ida, Stetson, which arrived in this port on Sunday, from Port au Prince. The mate was taken to the Hospital immediately upon her arrival.

THE TYPOGRAPHICAL BALL.—The ball given by the printers of this city on Friday evening of last week, at the Musical Fund Hall, was a delightful assemblage, where beauty and wit were congregated "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." Col. Page, as floor manager, acquitted himself admirably, as, indeed, he always does. Honor to the craft, we say, in whatever it undertakes. We believe this was the first ball ever given by the Printers of the United States.

ANNELLI'S GREAT PICTURE.—The great picture by Annelli, of the "End of the World," will be removed from this city to Boston on Monday next. Those who have not seen it, therefore, must avail themselves of this last opportunity: and not to have beheld this magnificent painting will hereafter be a

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following appropriations for the Post Office Department:

Transportation of mails,	$3,650,000
Postmasters,	1,000,000
Ship letters,	12,000
Wrapping paper,	16,000
Furniture of offices, &c.,	4,000
Advertising,	30,000
Mail bags,	20,000
Blanks, &c.,	17,000
Locks, keys and stamps,	4,000
Mail depredations and special agents,	12,000
Clerks,	200,000
Miscellaneous,	50,000

Society is still gay here, and we have any number of pretty women. Come to Washington, if you would see beauty.

R. P.

Editorial, News, &c.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

Accidents on railroads are not always chargeable to the persons in control of the locomotive, for we have often seen persons standing in perilous positions on the platforms outside. The editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer records two instances which he saw during a single trip from Philadelphia to New York, of reckless carelessness on the part of persons walking on the railroad. The train was laboring, heaving through the snow, and the acquired impetus was all important to its continued progress, when a pedlar on the track, walking towards the train, deliberately kept his ground, in spite of ringing of bells, and slacking the speed until the whole train was brought almost to a stand still, that it might not pass over him, and then he coolly stepped aside and walked on, as though he had done a very clever thing.

The train was hardly under way again—not without difficulty, when a miserable woman, scantily clad, and half intoxicated, did exactly the same thing, and even with more pertinacity, for she did not quit the track till the whole train was *actually stopped*, and then she too stepped aside.

TOUCHING STORY.

On the morning of the 13th ult. a lad about nine years of age, and son of Mr. Alexander Fraser, of Prescott, opposite Ogdensburgh, took his skates and went on the ice on the St. Lawrence. After the little fellow had been cutting his gambols a short time on the firm ice, he appeared to be attracted by the new ice that had frozen the previous night; he ventured on it, and the farther he extended his

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NEW STATES.

Wisconsin is preparing to come into the Union. The question is to be submitted to the people at the April election, and will be carried, it is thought, by full nine-tenths of the whole vote. There is a difference as regards the *details* of the step, though but one opinion expressed in reference to its *expediency*. A State census is to be taken in *June*, delegates are to be elected on the county system in September, and the Convention is to assemble in October. Iowa also intends to try her hand again. The second attempt, they say, will be successful.

FAMINE IN IRELAND.

There is no longer any doubt that a famine is raging in Ireland. The Commissioners to investigate the condition of that unhappy country say it appears, from undoubted authority, that of thirty-two counties in Ireland, not one has escaped failure of the potato crop—of one hundred and thirty poor law unions, not one is exempt—of 2,058 electoral divisions, above 1,400 are certainly reported as having suffered. The typhus fever is already raging, and probably thousands will become its victims.

STORM AT NORFOLK.

The storm of the 28th ult. was very severe at Norfolk. The U. S. shipping was injured to the amount of $50,000. The Pennsylvania was driven on shore. Fifty families are reported to be drowned on Nott's Island, and one thousand head of cattle destroyed. The wild fowl suffered most severely—wild geese might be taken in almost any quantity—some killed, others so much crippled as to be easily seized, being unable to escape.

MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

The bill for the prosecution of the great work of a railroad on from Jackson, in the direction of the Alabama line—a link in the grand chain connecting the Mississippi River with the Atlantic Ocean at Charleston, South Carolina—has finally passed both Houses of the Mississippi Legislature. The vote in the House was quite decisive, the bill passing by a vote of 58 ayes to 36 noes.

A COMMON CASE.

Mr. Bryant, late one of the editors of the Louisville Courier, says he has "scuffled with poverty from his youth up, and were he now relieved from it, it would be a sort of deprivation." His case is not a singular one.

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☞ Mr. Caper, messenger of the Shoe and Leather Dealers' Bank, Boston, lost, on Thursday week, his pocket book, containing drafts to the amount of $1,800.

☞ Some gentlemen who were about going into the manufacture of Mexican dollars at New Orleans, have been arrested. Their dies were very perfect.

☞ The Senate of Louisiana have designated Baton Rouge as the future capital of the State. The lower House has made no decision as yet.

☞ Several letters containing money have recently been stolen from the Auburn Post Office. The fact is undergoing investigation.

☞ Gov. Stratton, of New Jersey, has appointed three Commissioners to investigate the charges of piracy during the late shipwrecks.

☞ The "Joshua Bates" sailed from Boston on Thursday week for Liverpool, with letter-bags containing upwards of 12,000 letters.

☞ The State Tax Bill has passed the House of Representatives in Ohio, with *only one hundred and twenty amendments*.

☞ Counterfeit twenty-five cent pieces are in extensive circulation in different parts of the country.

Statistical.

NAVIES OF THE WORLD.

The following is an abstract of a Report of the Secretary of the Navy, transmitting in compliance with a resolution of the Senate, information in relation to the maritime power of each of the nations of the world:—

Great Britain has (exclusive of 14 sailing vessels and 22 steamers in the Indian Navy, 26 contract mail-steamers, under control of government, and 72 revenue cutters—total, 134 vessels, carrying 300 4,718 guns) in commission, 371 vessels carrying guns; building and in ordinary, 300 vessels, mounting 15,054 guns; total, 671 vessels, mounting 19,772 guns; manned by 40,000 men; of which vessels 121 are steamers.

France has in commission 187 vessels, carrying 4,157 guns; building and in ordinary, 129 vessels, and 4,625 guns; total, 316 vessels, 8,782 guns, manned by 27,554 men; of which vessels 37 are steamers.

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☞ A company of the United States dragoons has been ordered to Fort Crawford, to keep an eye on the Winnebago Indians, who are reported to be a great annoyance to the inhabitants of Wisconsin. Capt. Allen's company of dragoons has been ordered to Fort Leavenworth, with instructions to see to the removal to the Kansas country of all the Sac and Fox Indians who have not gone thither.

Agricultural.

PRICES OF GRAIN.

The Baltimore American advances the same views with ourselves, with respect to the comparatively small benefit which a repeal of the English corn-laws will afford our farmers. The prices of grain here have, in verification of our views, undergone little or no variation since the intelligence arrived of Sir Robert Peel's proposed changes. But on the Continent of Europe, the case is otherwise. At Hamburg, by the last advices, wheat had advanced one to two shillings per quarter: rye was in great demand; "large transactions," says the circular, "have taken place on the spot and from outports, at fully two shillings per quarter advance." Barley and oats were also at enhanced prices. At Rotterdam, Antwerp and Odessa, similar improvements in the prices of grain had taken place. Upon the receipt of the English news at Antwerp, wheat advanced three shillings per quarter. It is from these and other adjoining sources that the British markets are supplied with grain whenever importations are called for. The ports in Holland are great depots for Baltic wheat, which remains thus stored up awaiting favorable changes in the operation of the sliding scale, and ready for any contingency which may procure access to the English market. In the event of a scarcity on the Continent of Europe, as well as in Great Britain, the abrogation of the corn laws would doubtless give admission to American grain in considerable quantities. But that would have followed if the sliding scale system had been continued. In general, we should contend at a great disadvantage with the Baltic and Black Sea producers, who are not only nearer the British market, and therefore more able to avail themselves of every opportunity as it may offer, but who have also another advantage in the low rates of agricultural labor. Lord Ashburton, in a late speech on the corn law question, declared that Great Britain

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United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION, &c.

$1 per annum—$3 paid in advance.

A liberal allowance to those who procure clubs.

Letters must be taken from the Post Office before they are opened.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are not paid.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for subscriptions.

Subscribers are requested to make a quick remittance, and inform us when it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give the name and Post Office.

Remember most always state the Post Office removed from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cleveland, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin Territories. Also for Detroit, G. H. Cousteal, T. Gardner Smith, T. T. Dent and E. J. Cousteal, Michigan.

JOHN MIMMS, Canada, East and West.

JAMES H. STEPHENS, Ohio, and JOHN F. JOHNSON, Kentucky.

B2B are our agents for Alabama.

WM. H. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Territories, viz: Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, William H. Wolf, John H. Wolf, J. B. Wolf, Thomas Wolf, Jr., Thomas Wolf, Sr., Wilmington, and John Calhoun.

THOMAS BARRY is Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription money to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which money may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposits it, stating the name, time, and by whom deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who must give credit therein it to the Post Master who obtained it.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report such deposit to the Post Master General of the packet, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the amount of which it is deposited, and the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master is required to keep a list of all such deposits, and to report back and forth, but he may track the letter containing the money, and the receipt of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, Mobile, Ala., September 15, 1845.

To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

Sir,—I have received from *John Hadley*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," which I have charged myself with in the accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

Post Office, Mobile, Ala., September 15, 1845.

To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

Sir,—I have received from *John Hadley*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," which I have credited myself with in the accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulations, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

City.

Notices of New Works.

THE FARMER'S INSTRUCTOR.—A Compendium of Practical Farming, by the Author of "Principles of D. With numerous illustrations. 1 vol. New York, Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia, G. B. Zieber & Co. 1845. It is rarely that we are called upon to notice a work so completely adapted to its object as to obtain a compilation of all that is useful in the farmer, collected from the works of Youatt, Loudon, Stuart, Low and others, and digested in a style to render even the technical terms commonly introduced into agriculture and horticulture, intelligible to the reader. The author's Gazetteer is a commercial man, or Reader's Encyclopedia is scientific knowledge, and Johnson and Farmer's Dictionary is to the agriculturist and gardener.

THE CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR. *Edited by the Rev. H. D. Moore. Vol. I.—No. 1. March, 1845. Philadelphia.* E. C. Biddle. This is a quarterly publication, and a periodical one, but from the vigor of its commencement, and the popular character of the articles of which it will consist, we have no doubt that it will continue for many years of reading matter, and be ornamented with an engraving, and a colored flower. The present number contains a beautiful description of "The Death of Addison," and a colored representation of that sweet flower, "The Forget-me-not." The article on the new periodical is but 74 cents a number the subscription price is but $3 per annum.

JOURNEY TO ARARAT. *By Dr. Friedrich Parrot. Translated by W. D. Conley. 1 vol. New York. Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia.* G. B. Zieber & Co. 1845. We have seen the work so often reviewed and by eastern travellers that we gladly hail this translation of it. Apart from its interest as a narrative event, lends us to think it even more agreeable than we had supposed. It is written in a pleasant and easy style. We shall endeavor to refer to it again.

LIVES OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICERS. *By J. Fenimore Cooper. 1 vol. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart.* 1845. This is a republication of biographies which originally appeared in "Graham's Magazine." The naval heroes whose lives are recorded in the present work, are Bainbridge, Hull, Preble, Decatur and Somers. It will be found on these values the sketches collected in this durable form.

GODEY'S MAGAZINE. *For March*, is quite an elegant number. The "Mystery of Marie Rogêt," regret setting a youngster making acquaintance with a fiddler, is a much needed corrective to "Lucy Hooper's" gush. The stories fashions is very pretty, while the literary contents are excellent.

THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA. *Published by Order.* Thomas H. Stanton, Secretary of the Controllers, to do the work. It proves how flourishing our common schools are.

THE BULLETIN OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. *Edited by John Neill, M. D., and Samuel Jackson, M. D., assisted by Ben S. Hammitt.* The March number of this periodical is unusually well stored with medical intelligence. This publication is only $1.00 a year.

Personal Matters.

HP Hon. Dudley Chase, died at his residence in Randolph, Vt. on the 23d of February, aged 74 years. He discharged many important trusts during a long and useful life, and was honored by promotion to the highest offices in the gift of the Legislature. He was the brother of the late House of Representatives from the year 1805 to, and including, the session of 1812, when he was elected a Senator in Congress for six years. In 1817 he was made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He held that office for four years, and resigned in the fall of the session of 1824, he was again elected to the U. S. Senate, and having served out his time, he declined a re-election, and retired from public life in 1830, since which period, until within a few years of his death, he was, most of the time, a practical farmer.

HP Capt. Freeman Gibbs, of Sandwich, Mass., has made seventy-seven voyages—one hundred and seventy-nine passages between Boston and Trinidad, and always went safely and without accident worthy of note, until, when on his return voyage, for the ninety-eighth passage in command, he was lost in Boston Bay by the terrible snow storm and gale of Friday week, from which there was no escape—although he could a few shore any longer be avoided, when he made the best of his critical position, and by the help of the still continued good fortune, he got safe to shore, the league Franklin, ashore on Chelsea Beach, after cutting away her masts and doing all that experience could do to avoid the disaster.

HP The congregation of Calvary Episcopal Church, in New York, as a manifestation of their respect for their pastor, the Rev. Samuel J. Seabury, whose recent declination of a call to the American Rectorship of Trinity Church, where the salary was $3,000, will hereby assisting the erection of a large and new church of very large dimensions, to be constructed of stone, after a plan to be furnished by Mr. Renwick, Jr., architect. The noble conduct of Mr. Seabury and the congregation has advanced in numbers and consequence with great rapidity.

HP As soon as it was ascertained in New Orleans that Capt. Starke of the packet ship John Minturn, from that port to New York, was drowned, every vessel in port, including English and other foreign vessels, hoisted their flags at half-mast, and kept them flying until sunset.

HP Henry Stanbery, Esq., has been elected Attorney General of the State of Ohio, for five years, from the 10th of February last.

HP Another instance of sterling and high-minded integrity is mentioned in the Boston papers. Mr. J. Hedman Collamore, who failed in that city last year, owing $500,000, paid thirty cents on the dollar, and received from his creditors a full and legal discharge. Soon afterwards, property came into his hands by the death of a near relative, a portion of which he immediately placed in the hands of a trustee to make good his liabilities.

HP The State of Alabama has, by special enactment, emancipated Horace King, a slave. His services were employed by the act, stating that he had erected $15,000 for him. King built the bridge over the Hitzenpaha river.

HP The Union, Nashville, Tenn., says the following will be the epitaph on Gen. Jackson's tomb-stone:

Andrew Jackson, born on the 15th March, 1767—died on the 8th of June, 1845.

HP Gen. John P. Van Ness died at Washington on Sunday, in his 77th. year.

HP Dickens's story of the Cricket on the Hearth, Dickens realized over $7,000.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

BIRMINGHAM AND PUSH—A PAPER WAR—DICKENS NEW PAPER, ITS CAPITAL, PATRONS AND TALENTED CONTRIBUTORS—FOX PORTRAITURE PAPERS—AN OUTCROPPING OF PRACTICAL RELIGION—MALTITAS—PEACE SOCIETIES—AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN AND VISITOR—A QUAKER'S OPINIONS BY SILCOX—ANELLOS FOR DRUNKARDS—MISCELLANEOUS.

Bristol, England, February 7, 1846.

A very foolish, and at the same time, a very amusing paper war is in active progress between Mr. James Silk Buckingham, who is not "unknown" as a writer, and the old editors of the celebrated Push. The latter have attacked Mr. Buckingham and Ex-Member for Sheffield, on account of his having established a Philanthropic Institution in London, and their attacks are with bated gotten up a Testimonial to provide for his own family. Well! Suppose he did. It is admitted on all hands that the money is likely to be intended with the best results—and we know that many of the finest things of the kind in the world, are not altogether unmingled with self-interest. Mr. Buckingham's new paper, has taken the matter in hand, and it has already commenced scattering the proprietors and editors of the celebrated Push. The latter have attacked Mr. Buckingham,

Choice Poem.

A PRAYER.

Pray thee for all who living tread
  Upon this earth of graves;
For all whose weary pathways lead
  Among the winds and waves;
For him who madly takes delight
In pomp of silken mantel bright,
  Or swiftness of a horse;
For those who, laboring, suffer still;
Coming or going—doing ill—
  Or on their heavenward course:

Pray thee for him who nightly sins
  Until the day dawns bright—
Who at eve's hour of prayer begins
  His dance and banquet light;
Whose impious orgies wildly ring,
Whilst pious hearts are offering
  Their prayers at twilight dim;
And who, those vespers all forgot,
Pursues his sin, and thinketh not
  God also heareth *him*.

Child! pray for all the poor beside;
  The prisoner in his cell,
And those who in the city wide
  With crime and misery dwell;
For the wise sage who thinks and dreams;
For him who impiously blasphemes
  Religion's holy law.
Pray thee—for prayer is infinite—
Thy faith may give the scorner light,
  Thy prayer forgiveness draw.

Practical Story.

THE PRETTY BRUNETTE.

"Think not, the husband gained, the task is done,
The prize of happiness must still be won."

The desire of beauty is universal, the admiration it excites, induces every one to desire that natural gift for their children, and yet how fatal has it often been to the possessor. Beauty is not, in itself, the procuring cause of misfortune, but the inordinate value set upon personal attraction, the flattery and commendation bestowed upon the features and complexion, from infancy, and to all the variety, folly, and weakness that almost invariably distinguish men and women remarkable for personal beauty.

It is in small things that relations offend each other, and real life is made up of small things. Many are polite to strangers, and overlook things said or done by them, that they would resent in a wife, husband or other near relation; for the drawing room and parlor are very different places, and yet attention to the comfort and happiness of those under the same roof with us, invariably promote our own.

Catherine Devalmont was the eldest daughter of a lady, who had, in her youth, been a celebrated beauty, had married early in life advantageously, and during the seven or eight years of her wedded life, had been the idol of her husband, who invariably continued those polite attentions that distinguish the lover from other men. She had thus imbibed the mistaken notion, that whoever possessed beauty would, like herself, be an idol, the husband continuing the obsequious lover, studious to gratify every whim of his lady-love. Mr. Devalmont had been a wealthy merchant, but a failure in business, a short time before his death, reduced him to comparative poverty. His widow was not much over twenty at this time, but, overwhelmed with grief, devoted herself to his memory, and the welfare of her three children, for whose sake she would willingly have laid down her life. By prudence and [illegible]

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dowager Southerton, and son, that none ever repeated their visit, although Catherine returned them, so that no offence was given by her. Among those visiters was a young lady of elegant manners, large fortune, and descended from the highest families in Carolina, who had from childhood been the most intimate friend and companion of our heroine. She, however, received no better treatment than others, and it was evident that Arthur Southerton's design was to break his wife's spirit or her heart. Finding it useless to retort or resent ill-language; she determined to bear all the bad treatment she received, and become another Griselda; but the neglected wife was known, by the sorrowful countenance and shabby dress, carelessly put on. Her husband accidentally overhearing some remarks, on his wife's appearance at a party of pleasure, imputed to want of money, spoke to her, requesting more attention to dress—with all his faults, he was not avaricious, and allowed his wife a liberal supply of money for her personal expenses. She complied with his request, but found no mitigation of her sorrow under a load of costly dress. He also, to gratify his own pride, purchased a handsome carriage and horses for her exclusive use, the driver and footman under her sole command. Mrs. Devalmont consoled herself for Catherine's domestic misery, when witnessing all this splendor; but the unhappy young woman herself knew no peace or comfort until she became a Christian.

Two years soon passed away, and her husband coming into uncontrolled possession of his estate she was freed from the dominion of her mother-in-law for seven months of the year, as the dowager Southerton, chose to reside altogether in the city. The smiles of an infant daughter rewarded her for its father's harshness, and religion enabled her to bear his neglect, ill-treatment, and coarse jesting with meekness. To qualify herself for instructing her children, she improved her leisure hours in cultivating her mind: and literary pursuits, and maternal duties, beguiled her unhappiness, and occupied her thoughts and time. The insufficiency of personal beauty, for happiness or the security of a husband's affection, she had been taught by sad experience, too late indeed to alter her own sad fate, for Arthur Southerton never became a kind husband, but not too late to rear her daughter's with more correct views and expectations of married life. She determined that they should not set any under value on personal beauty, and endeavored to give them the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Her conduct, as a wife and mother, exemplified the religion she professed; and failed to make her husband kind and attentive, but induced him to leave their children to be educated as she pleased, nor would he allow his mother, during the summer months, to interfere in their management.

Extravagant in his expenditures, and neglectful of his business, as a planter,—his large estate soon became involved, a struggle to keep up splendor ensued for some years longer, but at length the whole was claimed by his creditors, and nothing remained for the support of a large family, but the interest of ten thousand dollars, the property his wife was entitled to on the death of her mother, but which Mrs. Devalmont immediately gave and secured to her daughter. Thus, the purse-proud dowager, Southerton, saw her son and twelve grown children, dependant on the small fortune of her whom she had haughtily disdained as a portionless bride, and joined that son in ill-treating, for many years; her own estate also considerably impaired by lending money to her beloved spendthrift.

Mrs. Devalmont deeply lamented the humiliation of her idol; divested of the trappings of wealth, she looked back with sorrow to the long years of misery her daughter had endured, and remembered that pride and ambition induced her to persuade that [illegible]

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Education Essays.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

NUMBER ONE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

...and good nourishment, to effect the salutary and progressive development of the physical, moral and intellectual faculties." And in another place he says, "Infancy should be consecrated to those exercises which fortify the body, rather than to mental application which enfeebles and destroys it." These remarks are particularly applicable to females, who, as being more nervous naturally than men, are more liable to suffer in health by intense study when children. Many of the sick-head aches among young girls may be traced to a too active brain, or one overtaxed by application.

From the Magazines.

THE DRUID'S FESTIVAL.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

CHAPTER I.

The Druid Priests were busily employed, making preparations for celebrating, with its usual pomp, the festival of the Misletoe, the sacred symbol of their sect.

The taste, as well as the ingenuity of that class of the initiated, whose peculiar province it was to pay attention to the menial offices of the priesthood, had been taxed to the utmost, in order to render the present one of the most imposing spectacles, as it was one of the most solemn celebrations of the rites of the Druids.

The grove, the scene of our present tale, was one of those natural temples in which the successive generations of the Druids had been accustomed to hold their mystic rites from time immemorial; and was by them held sacred. Time, and their association with the fathers of their race, had rendered the old patriarchal trees, that formed it, a portion of themselves, as of their religion. Yet never before was so much taste and skill displayed in decorating it, as on the present occasion. Arbors had been formed in different places, adorned with fillets and garlands of flowers, within some of which altars had been reared to answer the various purposes which their mystic solemnities required. Pavilions of different kinds were reared for the priests of every grade, who were to officiate in the duties of the day. Nor were the bards forgotten; a space was set apart for them, and rows of benches were placed before the principal altar in a half circle.

The Superiors looked on the scene with mingled pleasure and pride, as decoration was added to decoration, prompted by the taste of the numerous initiates, who seemed to vie with each other in inventing new devices to adorn the grove so as to [illegible]

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CHAPTER II.

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CHAPTER III.

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Our Scrap Book.

WASHING DAY.

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MAKING TEA.

Sometime after the introduction of tea into Massachusetts, a citizen from Cape Cod came up to Boston, to trade off his fish. The merchant persuaded him to take a pound of tea among other articles of household requirements. "I've heard of the article," said the Cape Cod man, "but how is it to be cooked?"

"It must be boiled," said the merchant, "and is always used when company comes."

The tea was taken home, and it was resolved to be hospitable. Company was invited to spend the day. At dinner, a fine piece of boiled beef, and another of good fat pork, with an accompaniment of potatoes and carrots, graced the table. "And now," said the host, as he looked in triumph first to his wife, and then to his guests, whom he served bountifully with the viands before them, "help Mrs. Basset to something from that dish."

The pewter spoon was thrust into a dish of well boiled tea leaves, from which the water had been carefully strained, and each, from the architrichlinos down to the youngest guest, was served with a quantity of the Chinese weed, real green Souchong.

"Taste of that," said the worthy host, "it is *tea*, such as the quality in Boston and Plymouth make such a fuss about."

Each mumbled a little of the herbage, and carefully rinsed it down with cider, but none ventured to criticise the new addition to the dinner-table.

"Will you have some more, my dear?" said the good lady to the husband.

"Not a leaf more—that platefull cost four-and-sixpence; and if it were not for the name of tea, I would as 'lief have turnip tops for my greens as that stuff. It is monstrous hard chewing, and not over palatable after all."

☞ There was one of the largest congregations ever known, at a village church not twenty miles from Ipswich, England, a short time since, in the full expectation of hearing Sir Robert Peel (who was on a visit in the neighborhood,) preach, as they had heard he was the *prime minister*.

Too Affectionate.—A coachman in England was lately kissing his favorite horse, when the animal, wishing to return his kindness tenfold, bit off his nose and swallowed it. Moral—be careful what you kiss.

☞ It is said that beasts are incapable of forming attachments. That must be an error, as we have seen a horse attached to a wagon, and oxen attached to a plough.

☞ So great is the veneration of the horse for the inventor of the wood pavements, that he scarcely ever crosses it without going on his knees.

☞ "The sun," it is said, "never sets on the Queen's dominions." A Frenchman says the reason is because the sun is never seen in England at all.

Juvenile Department

NUTS FOR THE JUVENILES.

TWENTY-ONE RIDDLES.

1. Dean Swift often speaks of a Queen whose name,
   Read backward or forward is always the same.
2. Call a kitchen maid by it, and still the same name,
   Read backward or forward is always the same.
3. A prophet of old had a mother whose name,
   Read backward or forward is always the same.
4. And of female recluses we know that the name,
   Read backward or forward is always the same.
5. When you speak to a lady you'll find that the name,
   Read backward or forward is always the same.
6. When a child you were dress'd in a thing whose name,
   Read backward or forward is always the same.
7. Then, too, you were fed with something whose name,
   Read backward or forward is always the same.
8. You may travel abroad in a carriage whose name,
   Read backward or forward is always the same.
9. You may pass over a flat piece of ground whose name,
   Read backward or forward is always the same.
10. Where the lamb trots about by a creature whose name,
    Read backward or forward is always the same.
11. You may go out and walk at an hour whose name,
    Read backward or forward is always the same.
12. Or you may ride at a subsequent hour whose name,
    Read backward or forward is always the same.
13. If you fire a gun, you'll hear something whose name,
    Read backward or forward is always the same.
14. And your dog may hunt well tho' no longer his name,
    Read backward or forward is always the same.
15. Your bird, too, may sicken on something whose name,
    Read backward or forward is always the same.
16. You may quaff a strong drink, made of wheat, whose name,
    Read backward or forward is always the same.
17. Or stare at a giant whose dwarfish name,
    Read backward or forward is always the same.
18. But this you can't do with a thing whose name,
    Read backward or forward is always the same.
19. If you write in defence of sound doctrine, its name,
    Read backward or forward is always the same.
20. Do but take a sly look, and of this too the name,
    Read backward or forward is always the same.
21. Nay, whatever is done, believe me its name,
    Read backward or forward is always the same.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 1, 12, 1, 23, is a town in Africa.
My 28, 2, 15, 22, 27, 16, 12, 22, 29, 14, 15, 5, is an island in Polynesia.
My 16, 3, 24, 29, 27, 1, 19, 6, is a lake in South America.
My 16, 12, 15, 13, 23, 22, 11, 9, 4, 4, 12, 13, is a town in Syria.
My 11, 18, 15, 22, 8, 5, 17, 24, 23, 18, is one of the German States.
My 16, 28, 13, 18, 12, 6, 24, is a town in Scotland.
My 29, 19, 13, 1, 7, 15, 22, 22, 15, 5, 4, is a town in Kentucky.
My 12, 18, 27, 13, 23, is a lake in Russia.
My 20, 12, 13, 16, 5, 18, 16, 15, 18, 27, is a town in Florida.
My 24, 4, 15, 1, 26, 6, is an island in the eastern part of the United States.
My 10, 3, 18, 18, 12, 25, 1, 15, 10, 17, 1, is a lake in the Eastern States.
My 21, 13, 9, 18, 14, 22, 15, 18, is a county in Virginia.
My 22, 9, 18, 19, 6, is the name of a grassy plain in South America.
My whole is the name of a General in the East.
☞ An answer is requested. S. B.

ENIGMA.

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PRIDE IN DRESS.

A FABLE.

...

know that the beavers have supplied the fur for that article; and my friends, the calves and oxen, in that field, were killed not merely to get their flesh to eat, but also to get their skins to make your shoes."

See the folly of being proud of our clothes, since we are indebted to the meanest creatures for them; and even then we could not use them, if God did not give us the wisdom to contrive the best way of making them fit to wear, and the means of procuring them for our comfort.

Curious Matters.

ALLITERATION.

The following is without doubt the most perfect specimen of alliteration extant. Whoever has at any time attempted to indite an acrostic, is aware of the embarrassment of being confined to particular initial letters. Yet here the whole alphabet is fathomed, and each word in each line claims its own proper initial. It is really a curiosity.

SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

"An Austrian army awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom:
Every endeavor engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune fighting—furious fray;
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God
How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate—indiscriminate in ill,
Kinsmen kill kinsmen—kinsmen kindred kill!
Labor low levels loftiest, longest lines—
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murd-
  'rous mines:
Now noisy noxious numbers notice nought
Of outward obstacles opposing ought:
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly quarter, quarter 'quest:
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds;
Truce to thee, Turkey—triumph to thy train!
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vain victory, vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere?
Yield! ye youths! ye yeomen yield your yield,
Zeno's, Zapater's, Zoroaster's zeal,
And all attracting arms against appeal."

The First Diving Bell.—The first diving bell we read of was nothing more than a very large kettle, suspended by ropes with the mouth downwards, and planks to sit on fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks, of Toledo, in 1588, made an experiment with it before Charles the Fifth. They descended in it with a lighted candle, to a considerable depth. In 1683, William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. Charles the Second gave him a ship, with every necessary for his undertaking, but being unsuccessful, he returned in great poverty. He then endeavored to procure another vessel, but failing, he got a [illegible]

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Agricultural.

WORK FOR SPRING.

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WINTER.

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The Olio.

A DUCK OF A MAN.

BY SOLITAIRE.

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BUSTLES.

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